AN EASTER STORY.

BY MARY BASSET HUSSEY. With the coming of the Easter

A story comes to me, From the land of art and beauty Of song and poesy. That land of skies unclouded, Of olive, myrtle, vines,

Kissed by the Adriatic Watched by the Appenines, Treasures of marveilous splendor, Riches no man nas told. All that makes life glorious,

Has that sweet land of oid Story and poem, and legend Feebly her glories paint. Loved home of artist and poet, liero, martyr and saint, Clime hallowed by old tradition, And grand with past renown, When Rome wore on her forehead The world's imperial crown. Land of the mighty Casar,

Of storied tomb and shrine, Of sugels, the glorious, And Raphael, the divina. Under the Roman heavens.

The grandest temple stands, For the worship of the Lord our God, E'er built by human hands. The great dome of St. Peter's, In the soft Italian air, Rises in awful beauty. Like an embodied prayer. When the holy week of passion Comes, and the Easter tide.

To hear in the Sistine Chapel That penitential prayer, The solemn Miserere. With its burden of despair, The sobbing and the wailing Miserere Domine-Oh! Lord, my God, have pity,

Gather from far and wide,

People of every nation

Have pity upon me. Once in the smiling April Two came from o'er the sea; They listened, awed and silent, To this cry of agony. One gifted, rich and powerful, Proud of his race and fame, Whose words, whose deeds of daring, Had won him deathless fame. .. Yet, full of doubt and sorrow, Weary and sore distressed,

Torn by a secret anguish That would not let him rest. Another sad and broken. A woman, sad and weak, Whose falling tears were telling The woe she could not speak. She heeded not the glory Of the aweet Southern spring, It brought the lovely day, the flowers, The dead it could not bring.

So in this night of sorrow These sat in the solemn gloom One by one the lamps were darkened, And the music spake of doom-Of the dead Christ's awful anguish. The world's sins, the cross, the tomb.

Then the music ceased its walling, And the people, kneeling low On the stone floor of the chapel, Felt the unutterable woe. Had the world's light gone forever Had the Savior come in vain? Could the rock-bound tomb be riven Would the dead Christ live again?

Hark! A chain of matchless sweetness Fills them with a glad surprise; Lo! A flood of heavenly radiance Bursts upon their weeping eyes. Like the sound of rushing waters. Comes the wonderful refrain, Oh, ye people break in singing, Christ, the Lord, has come again.

He has risen-oh, ye nations, And His glories wide proclaim; He has risen, Je redeemed ones, Bless and glorify His name. He has died for his beloved, And the mighty work is done

He has risen-by the Father Ever lives and rules the Son. Peace be with you, little children, Let no fears your hearts diamay; He the way, the Life Eternal, Holds you in his heart alway. After death and night and sorrow. Comes the Resurrection Day-Day of gladness, day of brightness; Oh, ye blest, exult and sing. Hallelujah! hear the chorus, Through the heavenly spaces ring. Glory in the highest! Glery. Glory to our Chaist and King

The grand chorus ceased! People passed out in the morning air: Hearts were touched and thrilled and softened,

Lifted in adoration prayer, And the two whose feet had wandered From their homes so far away: Knelt at midnight in the chapel, Humbly kneeling, learned to pray. Saw as ne'er before the anguish And the death of Calvary. While their trembling lips repeated. Oh, thou dear Lord, pity me!

Jesus answered and the midnight Broke into a glorious morn, And a sacred love and gladness In their waiting souls was born, And their lives thenceforth were blessed. Blessing all along their way. Christ indeed for them had risen On that holy Easter day.

Rise and live, and reign alway WIT AND PLEASANTRY,

An english traveller in looking over some American town names came across the well known ones of Pawtucket. Shetucket and Nantucket. "Haw haw!" he exclaimed. "I'm blessed if the whole family didn't take

Paragraphs are floating about to the effect that diseases are frequently communicated by kissing. We supposed every one knew that the most dangerous and swift of all discases was communicated in that way-heart

"Ab, yes," said an old fellow "when I was girl se much as any one, and, if I do say it, was very popular with the young ladies; but accumulating years and a wife and family have taught me--- ' here he hesitated. "Well, what have accumulating years and a wife and family taught you?' "Caution, my boy, caution.

"I've heerd," remarked a Dakota man, "that Boston girls is modest, but we have wimmin out here, stranger, that kin give em points." "Is that so?" "Yes, sir. There's a gal in Bismarck, for instance, who is so thundrin' modist that when she sets down she allers fixes her dress so that even the legs of the chair can't be seen. I'm bettin' money that beats Boston.

"Dear me," said George, nimbly skipping over the long terminus of her dress, "I just missed the train." "Never mind, George," she said kindly, "send around the bus next time and you'll catch it." He, most impudent and imprudent, replied that happily he had it with him, and sent it up at once.

Then, just as she had predicted, he caught it. Why did he catch it? Because her mamme was looking at him.

A nervous old lady traveling on a foreign railway where the incline was very steep, eaked the guard if there was any fear of accident. "Plenty of fear, ma'am," was the

rely, "but no danger." "Why?" asked the still anxions pilgrim. "Because there's a break on every wheel," said the guard. "But suppose anything was to get wrong with the break, what would happen then, guard?" inquired the fearful one. "Then, ma'am, we can reverse the engines, or put on a pressure strong enough to keep the train from slipping, whether going up or down." "But if that were to give way, what would become of us?" "Well, ma'am, that I can't say; it depends on the life you have been living."

Tariff Item.

' Paps, can't we have some protection?' asked the marriageable daughters of a banker. who attends the club nearly every evening "Yes, my dears, I will purchase a bull dog and chain him to the front gate." "No, no, papa, that won't do! It will be dangerous and afford us very little protec-

A Narrow Escape. [San Francisco Chronici?,] "I do so like the general," said a sweet voice behind me at the opera. "He's a dear man, isn't he?" "Yes; you know I am sort of related to

'Indeed; I never knew that. How?" "He came very near being my father. He was the first man my mother was engaged

The Danger of Osculation.

[New York Journal] "Do you know, said a bashful swain to his sweetheart, "that doctors say there is danger of contracting diseases by kissing? "Is that so?" she said with an air of inter-

"So they say," he murmured; "do you be-"Well, I haven't much faith in docters," she replied, blushing furiously; "besides, I've been vaccinated.

In Poverty's Vale. "What's the matter, Mary?" inquired a workman, as he entered his home and found his wife in tears. "I was thinking of my brother George, replied the sobbing wife; "I got a letter from

his wife to day." "Full of complaints about hard times, as usual, I suppose?" "No, there wasn't a word of complaint in it, but it's clear to my mind they're getting

poorer and poorer." What makes you think that?" 'Because she said they'd been getting another dog."

What Married Een Learn, Mrs. Winks-I can't see hew it is that chickens can sleep on a roost without falling Mr. Winks-Habit, my dear; nothing else. Chickens, like people, can get used to any-

'Oh! nonsense. There is no resemblance between the two. No human being could sleep that way. As soon as one sleeps one

loss sall consciousness, you know." "Yes; but all the same a married man with a new baby soon learns how to sleep on the ostside bed-rail without falling."
At this point an infantile yell was heard, and the meeting adjourned.

Already in Existence.

[Philadelphia Call.] 'Yes 'said Mr. Dinks, a self-important little man who had just married a big woman. 'I think every household should have s set of rules."

'Oh, yes, of course," asserted Mrs D., with a queer look in her eye. "Well, then," continued Mr. D., not noticing the glance, "I will at once prepare a set which will be observed hereafter.' 'Oh! don't troub'e yourself," replied his sponse, stiffening a upper lip. Rules for the government of this nouse already exist."

"Indeed? What are they?" "The marquis of Queensbery rules." Mr. D. changed the subject.

Liked His Oration.

[Exchange.] Abraham Lincoln's fondness for fun was well known. It is said that on one occasion, when it was thought that it was absolutely necessary that there should be a new surgeon appointed, the late Dr. Bellows was asked to go to Washington to urge the appointment of Dr. Hammond; he went, and had an interview with Lincoln, whom he found sign.

"Go on," said Lincoln. "I can hear you while I write." So Dr. Bellows made his plea with his usual energy. Lincoln kept signing his pa-pers. At last, after Dr. Bellows had got through, and stopped, Lincoln said:
'I like to hear you talk, doctor; but I rather think Dr. Hammond has been ap-

pointed, at least a week ago." "Is that so?" asked the astonished doctor. "Yes, that is so," said Lincoln, "but I thought I would like to hear your oration.'

Why He Swore off.

|San Francisco Post. The janitor of the dime museum on Market street was dusting off the anacondas early this morning when a woman appeared leading a man who had evidently just finished tinting the bailiwick a dark purple.
"Come in here a moment, dear," said the

woman, coaxingly. "Ain-hic-got time," hiccoughed the frightful example. "Got ter-hic-meet a man down town-hic-em er important biz."

"But I want you to look at some bologna saussge before I buy it," and dexterously paying the doorkeeper she steered her worser half up in front of the boaconstrictor case. "Those look nice, don't they, George?"

The rattled citizen glared at the serpents, clung to his wife's arm and muttered huskily

as he wiped his brow with trempling hands, "Are-hic-are those sausages-hic-Maria?"
"Wby, of course, dear. How many shall "With a hollow groan the miserable man | charge for a few moments.

started for the door. "Take me home, Ma-I'm going to swear off this time for good! It's | a moment.' time for me to let go!"

Went Alone Part of the Way. Cincinnati Commercial Traveler.

"I understand the old man doesn't want you to come to see his daughter," said one young fellow to another. "That's the state of the case; all the same."

"Yes. Was there last night." "Did be kick? "Some " "Much?"

"Well, no; not a great deal," was the hesitating reply, "that is, not as much as he might have done. He only kicked me from

Things to Think About We attract hearts by the qualities we display : we retain them by the qualities we

He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.

There can be no Christianity where there is no charity .- Colton. It is well to think well; it is divine to act well .- Horace Mann. Outward service alone is of no value .-

Geikie. When God sends one angel to afflict he sends many more to comfort.-Chapia. One can not always be a hero, but one can always be a man. -- Geothe.

No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it .-While a word is yet unspoken you are

master of it; when once it is spoken it is master of you. A word sometimes lasts longer than

marble slab. Take all the swift advantage of the hour. THE HUNE.

Mother's boy

Mother's boy.

In the face to him so dear;

It is not doubted that men have a home in that whence he will not depart if nothing calls him away; whence if he has departed he seems to be a wanderer, and if he returns he ceases to wander.

-Condition from Civil Law.

"Then stay at nome, my heart, and rest, The bird is safest in the nest; O'er all that flutter their wings and fly, O'er all that flutter their sky."

A hawk is hovering in the sky."

—Longfellow. YOUNG FOLKS. Mother's Boy. Have you seen a gallant courtier.
With a bright and pleasant face,
Ever ready, at his queen's command,

To serve with loyal grace? Have you marked him walk baside her impassable chasm haring them. A see . With a step of price and joy? You would know him in a moment -Quick to note the passing trouble Always eager to esponse the cause With a heart unknown to fear. On the twint arms the kisses, Smoothing o'er her day's annoy! Where is the mother who'd not kiss him?

What to her the years that, ebbing,
Leave her lonely on life's shore?
What to him the youthful hours that fly,
And light his path no more?
She is still the queen he worshipped With a service crowned with joy. He will be to her forever Mother's boy.

Peerless chivalry of childhood.

Fell us who has gained the prize
In the war and struggle of the world, Among the great, the wise?
'Tis the heart that never faltered
In life's dearest, best employ— Faithful service to a mother-Mother's boy.

-George Cooper, in Golden Days.

A Young Politician. Master Samuel Jackson Randall, Jr., al though only twelve years old, has developed political traits that give great promise for his future. All his companions were Blaine boys with the exception of Joe Buddington. who emulated young Randall in steadfastness to the Democracy, so Samuel junior resolved to reward him with an office. As soon as Congress assembled he called upon the doorkeeper of the House and demanded a place as page for a friend. The doorkeeper promised to see what could be done, and the next day the boys presented themselves and announced that Joe was ready to be sworn He secured the place. The parents of the boys knew nothing of the affair.

> Breaking Up of the Ice. [Bt. Nicholas.]

Among the inhabitants of one of the little fishing villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River was a thrifty French Canadian named Pierre Laval. His family consisted of his rosy cheeked, good-natured wife, Louise the eldest child, from her womanly ways nicknamed "the little mother," Jean, a strong lad of thirteen, and the baby, whose bright black eyes add white skin made one think of two blackberries in a bowl of

On the afternoon of a certain cloudy day the door of the Laval cottage opened every few moments, and Louise peered anxiously down the road. At last she spied the stout figure of Jean coming up the street, and drawing her little red shawl over her head she ran to meet him.

"Hurrah, Lou!" he cried gayly: "the boat is almost done, and the boys are going to let me have the naming of it. I think I shall call it 'The Louise.' But the girl did not seem to hear.

"Oh, hurry, Jean!" she gasped, pressing her hands together nervously; "the baby!", Then Jean, the first time, noticed how pale and anxious his face was. "Well, what of the baby," he asked.

"Sick, oh, so sick! he never was like this "And you wanted me to go on some errand? I am sorry new that I staid all night. but mother said I might if the boys wanted

"Your staying was all right, Jean, only everything has gone wrong this time. Word came this morning that a big gang of mea was wanted at the big lumber yard, and father and the neighbors went away early and will not be back before the end of the

"But where's mother Barbat? Can't she cure the baby?"
Louise shook her head sadly. "For once, Jean, her medicine don't seem to do any good: but she says she has been with the great doctor over the river two or three times when he has had throats even werse than the baby's, and that he used a new kind of medicine-a little white powderand it always helped the people right off He gave her the name of the powder, but I cou dn't find it at the little shop in the village, and mother didn't dare to trust me to go across the river with Jet. He hasn't been

he is as wild as a wolf." It was toward the close of the long and oitter Canadian winter. Aiready, in some localities, little shallow pools of water standing here and there on the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence river showed that the sun was getting back some of its summer heat and power; and the inhabitants along the shore prophesied the speedy breaking up of the ice. But as yet not a crack had disfigured the glittering mass, which for two months had stretched out as level as a floor, making a firm, safe bridge between the little village on the south shore and the large

out of the stable for four or five days, and

town of V-As Jean and Louise entered the cottage, their mother met them with a sober face. How still and lonesome it seemed without the bright baby, who always laughed and put out his little hands the moment the big brother came in sight. Jean felt consciencesmitten when he remembered how often he had said: "Bother take the baby!" when his mother had left the little fellow in his

"Take courage, mother!" he said, bravely, ria-take me home and send for the doctor! "I'll harness Jet and have him at the door in

In a few moments Jean and Louiss were anugly tucked inside the little s'e les under the warm wolf-skins, and the black pony with his head down, going at his best pace, brought them in a short time to the rivers edge. The ice was soon crossed, and after a short drive up the main street of the large town. Jean pulled up in front of the doc-tor's office. Finding him out he scrawled a message on the slate, and, stopping at the drug store, he bought two bottles of the white powder, which he carefully placed in his inside coat pocket, and then they started

As the black pony stepped out upon the ice, some men motioned Jean back; and, finding him determined to go on, two or the parior to the front door, and I went the balance of the way myself."

three of them sprang forward and se zed the bridle. "You're young, my master, but you're old enough to know better than to venture across the face of such a sky as that. And haven't you heard the news from up the river? The ice has already weakened in

> "But I tell you I must cross, and you have no right to keep me here losing time," re-turned Jean, flushing angrily, while Louise turned Jean, Bushing angelly, while Louise turned her face imploringly toward the men.
> "We must try to cross," she said; with trembling lips. "My little brother is sick—perhaps dying; we have been for the doctor and are taking back the medicine. Father is away and mother is waiting for

The men looked irresolute "Batter to lose one child than three," said the first speaker, still keeping hold of the bridle.
"Let the youngsters go, neighbor Tyrrel, exclaimed the new comer. "It is Pierre Laval's pony, the best traveler about N---. Perhaps he can get them across before the storm bursts. Think of your own wife left alone with a dying baby, and waiting for medicine. Spare not the whip, my boy, and may the good God put such speed in your p ny's legs as never was there before!"

Jet, glad to be released, darted forward on his way. The same oppressive stillness continued; still the black clouds mounted higher and higher, and there was the same peculiar

meaning in the ice beneath. The children

bad already crossed more than two-thirds of the the distance when there came a little puff of wind, followed by two or three vio-lent guests, which caused the light sledge to twerve to one side. The next moment there was a heavy boom in the ice directly underneath them, and the air was filled with a succession of sharp reports like the rattling of

Louise, too frightened to speak, turned and looked in her brother's face, but she found little there to reassure her. His eyes were riveted on a large crack in the ice be-fore them, through which could be seen the dark waters of the swiftly moving current. Obeying the sudden sting of the whip, the pony gathered himself for a spring, and cleared the crack just as " assent to an

crack was crossed a same manner, and then Jean saw that "il. ir floating platform was surrounded on all sides by water. "We must leave the sledge, Louise," he said. "It will be safer lying flat on the ice." He took his knife and cut the pony loose from the sledge. "It is only fair to give poor Jet a chance for his life," he muttered; and then seizing his sister by the hand, he dragged her to the strongest part of the floe just as it

parted in the middle with a sudden snap.

The little red sledge slipped into the water, and the pony, neighing piteously, drifted repidly from their sight. Jean heard the shouting of voices, and through the driving rain he was able to make out the figures of men on shore, running to and fro. "Hold fast to me, Louise," he said, as she gave a little gasp when the floe tilted to one side and the icy waves dashed over their faces, we are nearing the stationary ice by the shore. If you can hold out but a moment

longer! The next instant the large blocks of ice, as they came crashing down the river, forced the little fice on the firm ice, and strong arms carried the children to a place of

for some time; but the white powder saved the baby's life, and the little fellow was crowing and laughing as usual several days before Jean and Louise recovered from the effects of the cold and the fright. The morning after the rescue of the two children, the black pony, with his shaggy mane and tail fringed with icicles, was found alive and well on a little cape, where he had safely drifted ashore.

The doctor was not able to cross the river

KNOTTY PROBLEMS.

Dur readers are invited to furnish original onig. mas, charades, riddles, rebuses and other "knotty problems," addressing all communications relative to this department to E. B. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.

No. 1161 -A Numerical Enigma. A ather pusishinng his son. Fl'ourishes a 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, A servent catching mice for fun. Touches not a vile 4, 3, 2, 1.

Sitting in the house when work is done, At the door I hear a 3, 2, 1. With the numberless prefixes under the sun We may reckon among the lot 2, 1. Of all the English letters ther's none More common, few use' more often, than 1. When a boy is in trouble or places new, His first thought and call is for his 1, 2.

A broker or agent collects a fee When stocks and bonds are at 1, 2, 3. When Oliver Twist of the food wanted more, He wished for another 1, 2, 3, 4. Star actors and actresses contrive To play great 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. EMPHATIC

No. 1162,-A Charade. Beneath a spreading oak-tree, Whose fresh, green buds had burst, Cur merry last had gathered To play a game of first. The girls were gaily gathered,

Like iris, in a ring. In buff and blue and crimson, And every hue of spring The boys were flying round them, As bees round flowrets do; And hours seemed also bee-like,

For they went flying, too. I never see that oak-tree, When spring has dressed it gay. But on that all I ponder. And what transpired that day.

JOE AMORY.

No. 1163 .- Word Syncopations. 1. Take a small boy from an illness and leave a month of the year. 2, Take an epic poem of the Spaniards from to determine and leave a river of Scot

3. Take to gain from wound around and leave a boy's nickname. 4 Take a small thing from restricted and leave a cover.

5. Take a part of the body from closest and leave a home for birds. 6. Take untamed from to confuse and leave beverage.

No. 1164,-Don't You Know Me? 1 sm like a bachelor. For ancient maidens love me Or a Russian gone abroad, For furry mittens glove me. I am like the mignonette, I decorate the windows; Or Cinderella fair, For I sit among the cinders.

No. 1165.-Something Eastly Found. I belong to the plumber And jocular drummer. And am sure to be found About every new comer. You may easily find me. In winter or summer With the old mediaval

Mysterious mummer No. 1166 .- A Root and Its Branches. The quotation marks indicate definitions words having a common root. Give the

words. As my aim is "to puzzle" you, I "assume" that you will not "place" too much confidence in what I "testify to in writing." though while I "arrange" every sentence for your guessing. I do not intend to "palm off" will "combat" my proceedings, and "lay up" to ridicule my last endeavors to "regulate" and "change the order of" my sentences.

No. 1167 .- A Riddle of Nature. In the oak that withstands the hurricane's I'm owned by the fowls, the birds of the air, Yet the fish in the ocean still cherish me The highest, the lowest in all nature's scale, Are blessed with their portion to win with or

To many who own me I bring woe untold, Yet still I am dearer than silver or gold; And, though often wasted, I'm cherished by As a boon which, when lost, one can not recall. CLEM V. W.

For Some April Reader. A large and fine Mark Twain scrap book will be presented the reader furnishing the best lot of answers to the "Knotty Problems" published during April. The solutions for each week should be forwarded within six days after the date of the Sentinel containing the puzzles answered. Answers.

1146.-1, Masquerade. 2, Troublesome.

Tremando. 1147.—E g-g 1148.—Significant. 1149.-Peach, each, ache. C onforme D hoe 8

Two shoes make one pair.] 1151.-Time.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL.

One-and-twenty, one-and-twenty, Youth and beauty, lovers plenty; Health and riches, ease and leisure, Work to give a zest to pleasure: What can a maid so lucky lack What can I wish that fate holds back?

Youth will fade and beauty wanes; Lovers, flouted, break their chains. Health may fail and wealth may fly you, Pleasures cease to satisfy you: Almost everything that brings Happiness is born with wings.

This I wish you; this is best-Love that can endure the test. Love surviving youth and beauty, Love that ends with homely duty: Love that's gentle, love that's true, Love that's constant wish I you, Still unsattsfied she lives

Who for gold mere silver gives. One more joy I wish you yet, Give as much love as you get. Grant you. Heaven, this to do, To love him best who best loves you. -New York Sun. SOCIAL GOSSIP.

The sunshine of life's highway comes from happy hearts. Some men are not obliged to to be meannature saves them that trouble.

Heaven never gets much nearer to a man than the adjoining county, while the other place is often in the same township. The Pall Mall Gazette says that "of all the boons which England can confer upon India. lady doctors are, probably, the most Leeded," The great difference between virtue and vice is this-for virtue you have a price to receive; for vice you have a price to

pay. The fool knows nothing of shame. A man can hold up his head under any circumstances when there is nothing in it .- New Orleans Picayune.

A professional has been photographed in 150 different positions. It is said that the only person who can beat her for variety of attitudes is a boy told to sit still on a Music is the sound which one's children

make as they romp through the hotel. Noise is the sound which other people's children make under the same circumstances .- Boston Post. The latest style of engagement ring repre sents a square lump of sugar of chased gold with a heart beside it. Most girls would

rather have sweetheart spelled with a soli taire diamond, The newest shopping or money bags are those lined with silk plush in olive green or cardinal. The old-fashioned leather wallet, lined with greenbacks of large denominations, however, still holds its own,-Boston

Some writer has classed Mohammed as a civil service reformer. The Koran says: "A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominion another man better qualified for it sins against God and egainst the State."

That which we are we shall reach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily. All thoughts come into our minds by avenues which are never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily opened. Chasacter teaches over our head .- Emerson.

man as true a man on the stage as anywhere else, and the many seeming frailties and irregularties of some lives that are so magnified and expatiated upon, no more alter this fact than isolated cases alter the fact of morality of the pulpit, the beach, the studio, or the family circle.—Henry Irving. Soft is the breath of the maiden's yes. Not the light gossamer stirs with less. But never a cable that holds so fast, Through all the battles of wave and blast,

A woman can be as pure a woman and a

And never an echo of speech or song
That lives in the babbling air so long.
—Holmes. The latest thing in the rink lines is the "roller stating flirtation." The trouble is that a man has to know too many tancy figures in order to make his flirtation understood. It is the awdward man however, who can make himself understood in a moment. He skates toward a young lady and immedi-

ately falls on his pants, which means "I am

mashed." A charming little lace pin is described in a London newspaper. On a slender bar of gold stands the tiniest miniature plump chicken in brilliants, with a small ruby for the visible eye. A golden egg, from which this little creature has just emerged, forms the end of the pin, and the chicken gazes at it, lost in wondering admiration, as seen in

the familiar picture. Helen of Troy was over forty when that famous elopement took place. Ten years after, when the fortunes of war restored her to Menelaus, he received her with love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past thirty when she made the cor quest of Antony, and Diane de Poictiers at thirty-six and for many years afterward was considered the mist beautiful woman at the court of Henry II, of France. Ninon de l'Encies received a declaration of love on her eightieth birthday.

There are some whose minds have no guest chamber. They regard hospitality as a sin. They have taken in a set of opinions -truths, they call them; truths they may or may not be-and they have no room for anything more. The walls of their intellect are built up, brick upon brick, laid in insoluble cement; the structure of the scantiest dimensions, is easily finished and called over, and no power on earth can either tear it down or enlarge it-A. P. Peabody.

A widow's second choice is generally s calculation of pure selfishness. Girls some times marry to please their sweethearts; widows remarry to please themselves. They are even worse jilts than girls, for they have learned to know the sort of men who make good husbands, and in hunting for them use up candidates by the series. In most cases the ambitian of a widow is to find a second husband as little like her dear departed as | frost set in in the orange belt and the grow possible. - Social Photographs.

too much upon your credulity, for fear you | George Eliot detested Disraeli as a writer, though she 'felt him to be unquestionably sn able man." Ail her life long she held Emerson in the highest reverence, and she tells an amusing story of Miss Bremer's, how | are used greatly in England, and a Florada Carlyle was very angry with the sage of Con-cord for not belleving in a devil, and to con-I dwell in the lichen that clings to the rock, | vert him took him among all the horrors of | quite a success of it. London—the gid shops, etc., and finally to the Honse of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question: "Do you believe in

the devil noo?" The following occurs in the course of some personal gossip in George Eliot's antobiography: There was Dickens in the chair-'a position he fills remarkably well, preserving a courteous neutrality of eyebrows and speaking with clearness and decision. His appearance is certainly disappointing-no benevolence in the face, and, I think, little in the head: the anterior lobe not by any means remarkable. In fact, he is not distinguished looking in any way-neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor

The art of keeping a scrap book is a valuable acquisition. Very few people are masters of it. It is as hard to persist in as it is to keep a diary. Many of those newspaper correspondents who have got up a reputation for knowing everybody and everything owe their renown to other people's brains and keep a good scrap book He will paste a book half ful, then chack in a lot of clippings toosely between the leaves, and final y when he realizes that he can't find what he wants he abandons the thing altogether. After his mother it is some other woman's

tact that draws out the good qualities of man, and 'tis the workmanship of her fingers believed nothing more noble, saide from | A trial will satisfy you of its merits,

bonor and uprightness in a young man, than the girl who has sense enough to appreciate these qualities. Ger the quality first; manners can be retouched afterward.

The Lancet says that appetite is a most misleading sensation, only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. If we only ate more deliberately we should find half our accustomed quantity of food suffi-cient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves from the evils of dyspepsia, or, on the other hand, a tendency to over increase in weight.

Dr. Heber Newton says: "Taking the average of human life, he would be a bold man who, rightly weighing the manifold daily blessings which come like the sunshine and the dew, would venture to pronounce the lot of man rather of pain than of pleasure. Much of the pain of man is, moreover, to be subtracted from the charges against Providence and to be accredited to our human responsibility. The thriftlessness of the roor, the greed of the rich, and the common gnorance of social laws cause most of our poverty."

What Think You? Would it be death to our heart's repose?

Would it awaken the sleeping past? Would the thorn appear 'neath the pure Or our sky become o'ercast;
If only mine eyes on your face might rest,
Should I touch your hand with my finger

Did I lay my head again on your breast. Should you touch my cheek with your lips? I often wonder, while sitting here In the glare of the present day, What might have been had that other year Not died in that strange, sad way.

Pour on Oil.

Detroit Free Press, Writes a wise woman: "My mother said to me on my wedding day, 'Daughter, your husband will frequently come home from his business per-plexed and irritable' (I was sure that he never would, but I have grown wiser since), 'and at such times,' she continued, 'you must either keep silent or pour oil on the troubled waters. It may be very hard for you to do so, but it can be done, as I well know by my own experience.' The admonition or suggestion of my mother has been of incalculable benefit to me." And the hint is just as good for other relations in life,

The fate of nations and men often turn on the merest trifles. It would be curious if the destiny of England and Egypt would be materially affected by the presence of two warts one on the cheek of a Khartoum ship's carpenter. In his addresses to the Saudanese, El Mahdi wrote: "Has not God Himself given me the signs of my mission—the two warts on the left cheek which are spoken of in His book?" This congent reasoning would seem to have had its effect, for the officers of the Kordofan army dectare that the Mahdi has on his right cheek a wart and other signs which are written in the head other signs which are written in the books of the law. There is, it is true, a grave discrepancy as to the position of the warts; but it might, nevertheless, have been better for the peace of the world if Mohamed Ahmed had been born without any warts at all.

THEY COME HIGH

The Early Fruits Coming Into Market at High Rates. Chicago News.

"Strawberries? Oh, yes, strawberries are etting to be quite cheap now," said the Clark street fine-fruiterer. "We have seme choice ones here from Florida, and they are now selling for \$1 10 a quart. Only a tew weeks ago they brought \$2 50, so you see hey are quite cheap.' "Are there any other berries in the market

"No, and there will not be for some little time. As I said before, these berries are from Florida. I expect to be getting the fruit from Charleston, S. C., in about three weeks and from Georgia by May 1 I am selling a good many Florida tomatoes now at from 20 cents to 40 cents a pound, and ex-

cellent cucumbers from the same place at

from \$2 50 to three a dozen." "Here is something out of the usual run at this season," continued the fruiterer, as he took from a case a box of excellent grapes. 'These are a special order for a select party. They were grown in a hot-house on the banks of the Hudson. I have just sent another order for some for a North Side lady. What are they worth? Six dollars a pound, and I

don't make a cent on them, It seems that the stock of Spanish grapes in the market is about exhausted, and the price for the best is now from seventy-five cents to \$1 a pound. There is a good demand for them at these figures, for no really recherche banquet or private party is complete without them. The same is true of the delicious California butter pears so popular last fall. They are so called because they melt in one's mouth. The fruiterer cut one in two and presented a slice to the reporter with the remark that the present price was \$1.50 per dezen. Pine apples have commenced to come in, and choice ones bring from forty to sixty cents each.

The conversation then turned on oranges. "Which variety do you call the best?" was "The Indian River (Florida) oranges by

all odds. They are the bon-ton of all, so to speak. They are so good and so largely called for that many unscrupulous fruittreis are pelming off other variet es on consumers at d calling them Indian Rivers. The genuine are selling at from seventy five cents to \$1 a dozen.' "And where do the best cranges come

from, taking them all through?" "From Fiorada, Ot course, I don't mean to say that all Florada oranges are good, but they average better. Take the California varieties, for instance. They are better than the imported ones, to be sure, but in sweetness and lack of seeds they can not compare with those of the south The Californians are a pretty fruit, but not up to the others The market is flooded with them now. A ers got scared, picked them in a green state and are rushing them into the large cities.

Here is an odd variety from Florads." he continued, picking up a small, bright yellow crange. "It is called the St. Michaela. They planter got some cuttings from St. Michaels and started to raising them. He has made

"Florada mangarine and tangerines are out of the market now, but we are import ing the Spanish variety. They are selling all the way from sixty cents to \$1.50 a dozen, according to size. They are used at lunch eon parties. The latest craze for these luncheons, however, is 'stuffed dates.' The pit is first removed, and inside is placed nut meats of all kieds such as hickory nut, walnut, peannt, and others. They are quite the rage now

About the Size of It New Orleans Picayune

So long as the young men can live without working, and so long as recenty looks upon working men as not respectable or fit to be come husbands of society's daughters, so long will the world be filled with idle, amiable loafers and worthless tramps.

A French seientist has been studying the effect of altitude upon vegetation, and con-cludes that for each augmentation of about their own well-kept scrap book. The average | 100 yards there will be, as a general average, American has not the patience required to a retardation of four days; that is, other circumstances being equal, a crop planted at the sea level will appear above ground four days before a similar crop planted 300 feet

Neither mental por physical labor can be accomplished satisfactorily unless the system is in order. When you feel tired, languid, that polishes up these qualifications If wearied without exertion, the mind slow to young ladies would remember this and their act, and requiring great mental effort, you influence for good and evil in this world, we | can rest assured that your L ver is not setting would meet with fewer young men who as- properly, and that nature requires assistance pire only to spend money and look sweet, to help throw off impurities. There is no and more young men could be found capa- remedy that will accomplish this so mildly ble of meeting emergencies. I have always and yet effectually as PRICKLY ASH BITTERS.

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ters as a stimulant. In Its Various Forms, FEVER and AGUE.

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Sersaparillia will resolve away those deposits and
exterminate the virue of the disease from the

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